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tures, the best of which are "Returning from Evening Service," and "Man and Boy, fishing," both well and strongly painted, and marked by great boldness and freedom of style and execution.

There are many other works of merit in the exhibition, but space forbids a further notice, as it also does a review of the Exhibition of the Pictures of the French Etching Club, now open at Derby Gallery, 625 Broadway, of which I hope to speak at length next week.

"The New York Water Color Society," of which I spoke some weeks since, has been fully organized with the following gentlemen as the chief officers: President, Samuel Colman; Secretary, Gilbert Burling; Treasurer, A. L. Rawson; President of Board of Control, Wm. Hart. Among the members are Messrs. Constant Mayer, Alfred Fredericks, Wm. Craig, J. C. Farrar and others.

The object of the society is to foster a love for water colors in this country, and to accomplish which one or two exhibitions are to be held annually.

As yet this exquisite branch of art has received but little notice among us, but the "New York Water Color Society" hope to show the public that we have good and competent water colorists on this as well as on the other side of the water. They will receive the good wishes of all art lovers in their laudable undertaking, and among others

PALETTA.

LITERARY MATTERS.

"ESSAYS ON ART," BY FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE. Hurd & Houghton.

A somewhat hasty perusal of Mr. Palgrave's work fully convinces us that it is very clever, and a valuable addition to the art literature of the day; the author writes understandingly on the subject of which he treats, and moreover in a straightforward, common-sense way which is quite refreshing after the present vaguely transcendental style to which we are too often subjected in most of the art criticisms of the present day.

Mr. Palgrave justly says in his preface, that "Art, like poetry, is addressed to the world at large, not to a special jury of professionals: the technical qualities are only means to the public end, and the question which remains always is, how far do they tend to the object of all the Fine Arts,—high and enduring pleasure."

In this spirit the "Essays on Art," are written, and written with a clearness and good sense that render them comprehensible to the most casual and uninitiated reader. The larger the number of such books published, the better it will be for public taste; they foster a love for and interest in art which is much to be desired, and tend greatly to elevate the ideas and feelings of the people.

We hope at some future day to give a more elaborate criticism of this valuable work.

THE "Entr' Acte" relates the following: "One day the protector of a very indifferent female singer asked for a favorable notice from Sento, the musical critic. 'Will you beg Mlle X—to sing false to-morrow night in the fourth act?' said the other. 'What,' cried the other, quite astonished; 'what, you dare to ask me that?' 'My good sir,' said the critic, 'you have just asked me to sing false in my notice of her performance.'"

ADIEU!

To Mrs. J. S. C.

Sail on, proud vessel, with thy precious freight,
And bear her safely to the distant isle!
And you, ye breezes, with your balmy airs
Play round her head in tenderness the while!

Great ocean calm thy strife, and tranquil rest,
Put on thy happiest and most pleasant mood,
For o'er thy bosom sails a staunch ship now,
Bearing a lady, excellent and good!

And then, sweet lady, when in distant lands
Thou think'st of friends at home, both tried and true,

Bestow a thought on him who pens these lines
And bids thee God-speed with a sad adieu!

SHUGGE.

THE LOST ARTISTS OF THE "EVENING STAR."

"Gamma," the correspondent of the N. O. *Picayune*, writes the following thrilling account of the scene at the Grand Mass for the French artists, lost in the ill-fated steamer the "Evening Star."

I have just witnessed a distressing scene. The Dramatic Artists' Association here celebrated this morning at St. Roch a mass for the unfortunate artists who perished on the Evening Star. A catafalque was raised at the entrance of the choir. All the artists—lyric and dramatic—in Paris were present. The manager of the French Comedy and Superintendent of the theatres (M. Camille Doucet) were also in attendance. The families of the victims wore deep mourning. The most distressing scenes took place at the close of the service. The widow of poor Clarence, who died here a few weeks since, was so affected by the sobbing cries and moans heard all around her, she was seized with hysterics and had to be carried out of the church. The father of poor Mlle du Mery—who is believed to have been the unfortunate woman who hung on a boat by her hands for several hours—sobbed and moaned in a heart-rending manner, and at last fainted from excessive grief. The families of many of the victims have been plunged into the deepest poverty by the loss of them, on whom they were dependent for their daily bread. I have heard of one old lady whose daughter and son-in-law left their children with her. They went down in the ship, and she, with her poor grand children, (who were entirely dependent on her children) do not know where to procure the means of living. Among the victims was a Mlle Marita Campana, whom fate tried its best to save from death, but the poor girl would rush to her watery grave. She was well known here. She played for some time at the Belleville Theatre; then she went to Constantinople, where she played for a year, and she was engaged there when Mons. Alhaiza enlisted her. She was informed of her engagement to go to New Orleans just in time to quit Constantinople and reach Havre when the company embarked provided she travelled constantly by express trains. She embarked on L'Ilyssus, the French steamship of the Messageries Impariales. When Marseilles was made, the mistral blew with such violence and the sea was so rough the steamship was unable to

enter the port, and was obliged to take refuge in the harbor of La Ciotat. Mlle Marita Campana then begged the captain of the steamship to allow her to land with the mails and go to Marseilles with them; she explained to him how necessary it was for her to reach Havre on a given, and then very near day. He consented. She reached the Marseilles and Paris railway station after the ticket and baggage offices were closed. She appealed to the station master to allow her to take a place in the train then about to leave, and she wrung consent from him too. She reached Paris after the trans-atlantic steamship had sailed from Havre. She took the railway and reached it just in time to take the Ville de Paris, which bore her comrades to America. The passage of the Ville de Paris was singularly stormy and uncomfortable. She embarked on the ill-fated Evening Star—you know the rest! The person designated on the New York *Herald's* list of passengers as "J. Bonne de Campana," was Mlle Marita Campana's chambermaid, named Josephine.

The same day the Dramatic Association had the mass for the repose of these victims celebrated here, the artists of the Havre Theatre had a similar mass celebrated in their cathedral. They went in procession from the theatre to the church and returned in procession. The municipal authorities at Havre were present at the mass.

Subscriptions are taken up here for the families of the poor victims. Cannot New Orleans—the most generous city in America—open a subscription list, and out of its abundance send to these starving families enough to keep want from the door until time is afforded them to look for occupation? It would gratify me exceedingly (could no other channel be found) to bear in New Orleans's name substantial assistance to the Dramatic Artists' Association here.

LOUIS CLAPISSON.

Few artists ever led a life more agitated, more laborious, or more full of incident than the above-named.

Clapissou (Antonin-Louis) was born at Naples, on the 15th September, 1808, of French parents, who were then in the service of the king, Joachim Murat, but who returned to France after the political events of 1815. It was from his father, himself a composer, a professor at the Conservatory of Naples, and first horn-player at the San Carlo Theatre, that Louis learned the rudiments of his art. Like many distinguished composers, he was a remarkably good performer. When only eight years old, he went through the south of France, under the care of Hus-Desforges, a celebrated violinist, astonishing every one by his precocious talent upon the violin. At an early hour of the morning, our young *virtuoso* might have been seen, principally in the small towns, with a roll of paper under his arm, a small pot of paste in one hand, and an enormous brush in the other, going about and pasting up, here and there, the magnificent posters destined, in the evening, to bring the public to the concert, and their money into his protector's purse, for we must mention that if Clapissou shared the *maestro's* glory, he did not participate in his profits.

The success achieved by the young *virtuoso* attracted the notice of M. Hippolyte Sonnet, a distinguished artist, and author of the music of several ballets performed at that period at Bordeaux. M. Sonnet took an interest in the boy and taught him harmony. A short time after-

wards, Clapisson was admitted as violinist in the orchestra of the Grand Théâtre. Feeling sufficiently learned in his art, dreaming of glory, and as rich in hope as he was short of cash, the future composer of "Fanchonette" made his entry into the French capital towards the end of January, 1829. He had 50 francs to supply all his wants until such time as the manager of lyric theatre should choose to confide to him the libretto of an opera. What is 50 francs for the whole of one's capital? . . . Clapisson, however, thought himself a millionaire. Do we not all think the same when our hearts are filled with dreams of fame? It is only the rich who are robbed, we are told. This is an error.—The first day after his arrival in Paris, Clapisson discovered that 20 francs had disappeared out of his portmanteau, reducing his capital to 30 francs. Ceding to a very natural impulse, especially in a young man, and swearing against the unknown thief, he suddenly resolved to go out, and try to forget his misfortune by breakfasting somewhere else than at the hotel. "At Bordeaux," he thought to himself, "a man may get an excellent breakfast for 40 sous. I ought, no doubt, in my position, to be more economical, and not spend more than half that sum at most. But pooh! no one will at any rate, be able to rob me of my breakfast when I have once swallowed it."

While reasoning thus, chance conducted him to the Boulevard des Italiens. He saw a house of tolerably modest appearance, and without a regular shop-window. On the front was simply inscribed: "Café de Paris." For a moment, he apprehended he should not be served well enough in an establishment of so moderate an exterior; he hesitated, but, at length went in. "What do you desire, Sir," inquired the waiter. "Well," replied Clapisson, his mind still full of the 20 francs which had been stolen from him, "give me whatever you choose, so long as it is good." "Certainly," Sir, answered the waiter, with one of his best bows. Breakfast was served. It included every delicacy. Clapisson found it excellent, and did not regret having entered a *café* which had struck him as so unpretending. He thought to himself that they would not do things better at Bordeaux, nay, that for 40 sous, they would not perhaps do them so well. 40 sous was the price on which he had all along mentally fixed. After picking a few grapes from a magnificent bunch that had been brought up as desert, he asked for the bill, at the same time getting ready his 40 sous, with 25 centimes for the waiter. The bill came to 23 francs, 75 centimes! We will not attempt to describe poor Clapisson's emotions. He felt as though a thunderbolt had struck him. He went out without knowing whether he was going, when, by the greatest chance in the world his eyes happened to fall upon a poster, announcing that a place as violinist was open to public competition at the Théâtre-Comte. Clapisson went home and began practicing his scales with the ardor of despair. The trial took place that very day, and he was lucky enough to obtain the post, which was worth a certainty of 600 francs a-year. This sum was, no doubt, not enough to enable him to return and breakfast often at the confounded Café de Paris, but he could, at any rate, procure bread and cheese, till he obtained his much-desired libretto. It was a great deal to live, even hardly, with so fond a hope.

Subsequently, in 1830, Habeneck took the young artist under his protection, and caused him to be admitted into his own violin-class. He re-

commended him, also, to Reicha, who gave him gratuitously private lessons. In 1833, Clapisson carried off the second violin prize at the Conservatory. Reicha, happening to be taken ill, Clapisson did duty for him in his Composition Class. He was greatly esteemed as a violinist. He filled successively the post of first violin at the Italiens, and of second violin at the Grand Opéra. As we see, the young violinist of the Théâtre-Comte had risen rapidly in rank. But his success was not destined to stop here. In 1835, he missed the first violin prize at the Conservatoire by one vote only. Deeply annoyed, he swore to renounce his instrument. He sold it, and devoted himself exclusively to dramatic composition, towards which he naturally impelled.

The favorable reception accorded to six male vocal quartets, executed at the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, by MM. Puig, Dérivir, Ferd. Prévost, and Alexis Dupont, and more especially, the success of the collection of six pieces for two voices, entitled: "Le Vieux Paris," procured for him the book of "La Figurante." It had been first offered to Hippolyte Monpou, who had refused it on account of the shortness of the time fixed for the composition: two months! Clapisson engaged to have his music ready in the appointed time, under a penalty of 20,000 francs. Had the penalty been a million, he would not have hesitated. The authors of "La Figurante," comic opera in no less than five acts, were MM. Eugène Scribe and Dupin. The work was played at the Opéra Comique, the 14th August, 1838, by Roger, Leroy, Grignon, Moreau-Sainti, Deslandes, Mesdemoiselles Bossi, and Jenny Colon. The composer achieved one of the greatest first successes known on the stage.

Clapisson wrote in succession "La Symphonie" (1839); "La Perruche" (1840); "Le Pendu," "Frère et Mari" (1841); "Code noir" (1842); "Les Bergers Trumeaux" (1845); "Gibby la Cornemuse" (1846); "Jeanne la Folle" (for the Grand Opéra, 1848); "La Statue équestre" (for Lyons, 1851); "Les Mystères d'Udolphe" (1852); "La Promise; Dans les Vignes" (1854); "Le Coffret de Saint Dominique" (drawing-room opera, played in the Salle Herz); "Les Amoureux de Perelle" (Baden, 1855); "Fanchonette; Le Sylphe" (Baden, 1856); "Margot" (1857); "Les trois Nicolas" (1858); and "Madame Gregoire" (1860). Sum total: twenty works for the stage.

"Fanchonette" is Clapisson's chef d'œuvre. Everything in this remarkable score is elegant, chaste, and melodious. The smallest pieces contain niceties of harmony and instrumentation, so delicate to escape the masses though they delight artists. On leaving after the first performance, M. Adolphe Adam said to M. A. Vialon:

"This is the first work Clapisson has given us since he has been named a member of the Institute, and we may say of 'Fanchonette' what was said nearly forty years ago, when Boïeldieu, who had just been received at the Académie des Beaux Arts, brought out *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge*: 'It is a magnificent installation speech!' . . . Clapisson has paid his footing nobly, and fortune, long averse, is now just towards him."

The following fact does honor to the composer of "Fanchonette." In 1855, there was a report that he was about to come into an immense fortune, though our extemporised Croesus himself was the last to believe such a chimera. After one day questioning him on the subject, Adolphe Adam said: "What the deuce would you do with much money?"—"My dear Sir," Clapisson answered

quickerly, "Dame Fortune, as you know, has always looked at me askant, but if such an impossibility should happen that she ever took it into her head to put me in the ranks of her favorites, my first care would be to build a large mansion, where I would daily entertain gratuitously two hundred poor musicians. I recollect having once gone three days without a meal, and I would endeavor to spare those who come after me such torture."

Clapisson has written pieces for the piano; stringed quartets; choruses for the Municipal Orpheon of Paris; and a large number of romances and melodies. He belonged to the Institute since 1854. In 1861, he was appointed Professor of Written Harmony at the Conservatory of Music, as well as Curator of the Collection of Instruments formed by him and purchased by the State. He died, almost suddenly, on the 19th March, in consequence of an imprudent act on his own part. "M. Clapisson," observes M. Jouvin of the *Figaro*, "belongs to no school, and, far from having a style, does not even possess a manner, a musical signature, by which his works may be recognized. He was not able to gain a place at the Opéra, and circumstances did not favor him very much at the Opéra Comique. In my opinion, a tap of clear water, which no one has taken the precaution of turning off, possesses even more fecundity than M. Clapisson; talent without originality constitutes the working musician but not the artist."

[From the Musical World.]
PARIS.

The opening of the Athenee, a new institution consecrated to music, literature, science and charity, which took place in one of the houses of the Rue Scribe, not far from the site of the future Grand Opéra, on Wednesday the 21st, converted for the nonce into a temple, was an imposing ceremony. After all, the institution is revived, not founded—at least so the name would imply. The ancient Athenee, of the Rue Valois, as I am informed, after a long and glorious existence, fell into ruin and discredit. During the "big wars" of the Empire, under the Restoration, even as far as the first years of the reign of Louis Philippe, it was wont to cast an imperishable *eclat* on the achievements of the Arts and Sciences in the French capital. How it crumbled, fell away, and became a thing of the Past, I know not. It is well to think that so admirable an establishment has not been permitted to sink into oblivion. Twelve hundred persons assisted at the inaugural ceremony on Wednesday last, and many of the highest consequence in the various departments of the various arts. Among others were Auber, Felicien David, Edouard Thierry, Emile Perrin, Dumas the Younger, Dantan, Jules Simon, Guillaume Guizot, &c. The hall which is nearly circular in shape, is spacious and magnificent. At that part where the stage could be placed, the orchestra is erected, the seats of which rise gradually from the front, so that every eye can take in each movement of the conductor's baton. There are two tiers of boxes. But no more at present of description, as I shall be better prepared on another occasion to set down the details more accurately.

The directors appear to have exerted themselves to the utmost to render the opening night of special *eclat*. The band and chorus were both splendid, and of the programme you may judge for yourself. Here it is:—Schiller march—Meyer-